

In the NEW YORK THEATRES

BY
EMORY
&
CALVERT.



WE HAD BIRN, CHAS. MC CARTHY,
& MRS. J. KELLY, IN
"THE MELODY OF YOUTH"
FULTON THEATRE.



DOROTHY BIGLOW
IN "SEE AMERICA FIRST"
AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S.

Many Old Time Successes Being Revived; Some New Broadway Shows.

NEW YORK, April 15.—A flood of interesting revivals will mark the end of the winter season, one of the most, if not the most prosperous in the history of the New York stage.

The appeal of the revival is twofold: to the old time play lover who wishes to have the pleasure of recollection of joys of other days, and to the younger who likes to view the famous successes of which he has read. With these the playgoer may mingle just a touch of wariness of present day fashions, imitative musical comedies, over-bright comedies and ill assorted imitations.

The first of these revivals we have already with us. "The Great Burial," the revised version of C. Hadron Chamberlain's "The Idler," has made many friends at the Shubert theatre. "The Idler" has made many friends at the Shubert theatre. "The Idler" has made many friends at the Shubert theatre.

An old time favorite, Edna May now retired from the stage as the result of her marriage to Oscar Lewisohn, is brought to mind by the news that preparations are being made to give "The Belle of New York." In this splendid musical comedy Miss May found a way to the hearts of both Americans and Englishmen.

"The Belle of New York" will follow "The Blue Paradise" at the Casino theatre. Attempts have been made to induce Mrs. Lewisohn herself to appear in it but so far these have been without result.

Anita Stewart or Hazel Dawn, two fair ones of the screen for the nonce, may be induced to forsake the studios and take the place reserved for Mrs. Lewisohn.

Early in May E. H. Sothern will return to Broadway in "If I Were King," one of his great successes, the profits to go to the Actor's fund. It is said this ill be his last appearance on the stage. He has announced retirement from the stage.

Continuing the Shakespeare productions (technically, I suppose they are revivals) Sir Herbert Beerbaum will be seen as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" after "King Henry VIII." It is taken off the boards of the New Amsterdam. Elsie Ferguson will be the Portia. It is to be feared that James K. Hackett will be the Othello, unable to give their promised "Othello" at the Criterion on account of Mr. Hackett's poor health.

John Barrymore, known as an actor of light comedy, has established himself as a player of substance in John Galsworthy's sombre drama, "Justice." The play itself is one of the two or three most notable productions of the present season.

In the part of the poor weak-willed clerk caught by the ever-moving wheels of British criminal law, Mr. Barrymore gave a remarkable illustration of dramatic power and intelligence. His work is being widely praised and he will undoubtedly see him in other serious roles soon.

The cast as a whole is remarkably well chosen and a credit to the young producers, the Corey-Williams-River company. The producers also had the courage to be honest with the public before the production of the play and no one came to the Candor theatre night without knowing he was to see a piece in which power and intensity took the place of humor.

The play tells the love of the clerk for the wife of a drunken, hideously brutal man. Driven to frenzy by the young woman's pluck, the clerk resolves to flee with her and her two children.

To obtain money to leave England he raises one of his employees, chosen, Thomas Mott Osborne, ex-warden of Sing Sing. There were many other prominent persons present.

Cathleen Nesbitt gave a remarkable portrayal of Ruth Heneswill, the woman in the play, while O. P. Heggie, as a collector's clerk, and Henry Stephenson as the senior partner in the employing

firm, were splendid. The speech delivered by Lester Longman, in the role of counsel for the defence, moved his hearers. Almost all the small parts were well taken.

Miss Grace George rounded up her notable season of five dramas at the Playhouse this winter by presenting another George Bernard Shaw piece, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

In this little known play of the great Irishman his satire is turned for the moment on romanticism. He imagines the feelings of a learned English judge fallen into the hands of Barbary pirates and rescued from their toils only by the entirely illogical and illegal wiles of a beautiful woman.

Mr. Shaw, readers of the play will remember, conceived lady Cleopatra as "a woman 30 and 40 years of age. Miss George appeared much younger. She was also more American than English in her sportive frankness in face of danger.

The captain is a West African pirate and the judge a relative on whom he has sworn to revenge himself when possible. It is up to lady Cleopatra to convert the pirate, a kind of human goliath, in a single day and to save the skin of Sir Howard Hallam. Her arms are the usual feminine ones and Shaw makes her efforts as convincing with the audience as with the cave man. The captain betrays his uncle, he of the legal maxims, into the hands of the Moors, but 48 hours later rescues him.

Robert Warwick, known well to the film fans, was splendid in the rough part of the captain and his makeup was all that could be desired. Ernest Lawford was a proper, big wing and Lewis Edgard made a rascally gutter-snipe in the role of the cockney Drunkenwater.

The scenes and the Moorish brigands were picturesque. All in all, Miss George, if she has not done all she can to do, has given a remarkable repertory at the Playhouse. She will go on tour with her company.

Dorothy Bigelow, daughter of Mrs. E. Jaffray Bigelow, and one of the younger generation of a famous American family, has just made her debut on the stage here in "See America First," a musical comedy written by two young men, T. Lawrence Riggs and Colman.

She proved to have a pleasing voice and appearance and some skill as a dancer. With more experience she may prove one of the bright ornaments of the stage.

The piece in which she appeared has several bright airs, some clever poetry and a plot which does well enough for musical comedy. In some parts it lags and shows the marks of the two, however, it has been put on with lavish hands by Elizabeth Harbury, two women by Gates and Moragas are especially notable in their effect.

A youthful heroine is resolved to marry an Englishman. Her patriotic father says: "See America First." So American, as if the country east of the Alleghenies (or maybe the Missouri) were barred from consideration as prospective ground. The theory seems to be that the farther west you go the more genuine the American is.

Some interesting people and make believe Indians are found and a plenty of color and music, but when Miss Bigelow sings: "I've Got an Awful Not to Learn," she speaks the truth, not only of herself, but of several others concerned.

When Abbot George M. Cohan calls the roll of the Friars' club, not only do scores of the most prominent actors answer "Here," but many of the most famous authors do likewise.

Whenever this celebrated theatrical organization contemplates one of its productions, which to borrow a circus expression, is "the greatest show on earth," these writers, like every other member of the club, regardless of his calling, feel it not only their duty but their pleasure to contribute their bit toward making the performance successful.

The Friar roster includes among its members besides its abbot, George M. Cohan, Eugene Walter, whose contribution to the dramatic field has been "Paid in Full," "The Sinner's Way" and "Just a Woman," his latest success, which is now enjoying an engagement at the Fifth Street theatre, New York; Irving Berlin, who has earned the title of "The King of Rhythm," New York; and "Watch Your Step," "Stop, Look and Listen" to the musical comedy; Channing Pollock, the author of "Such a Little Queen," "The Little Gray Lady" and who also dramatized "The Red Widow," "The Beauty Shop" and "Pollock of 1315."

Monks Who Care for Lepers Exempt From Army Service

London, Eng., April 15.—The monks of the Community of Divine Compassion, an order allied to the Church of England, have been granted exemption from military service on conscientious grounds.

The members of this order, who are charged among other things with the care of all lepers in England, lead a life of poverty and privation, sharing the discomforts of the poorest people. Their headquarters are at Plafstow, an eastern suburb of London. Their leper colony, which at present contains only six patients, is in Essex, about 20 miles from London.

Augustus succeeded in getting Cleopatra in his power, who still hoped to subdue him by her charms, but her art availed not and realizing that her life was spared only to her in her royal robes and crown and then placed an asp, which had been smuggled to her, concealed among flowers, on her arm.

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Wins By Strategy

Cleopatra, Hidden in Roll of Carpet, Captivates Caesar By Her Great Beauty.

BY MADISON C. PETERS.

CLEOPATRA, the most renowned among several Egyptian princesses bearing that name, was born 69 B. C., and in accordance with Egyptian custom, became the wife of Ptolemy's eldest son, her younger brother, with whom she shared the throne at the age of 17. Deprived by her guardians of all royal authority, when they found they could not add to their enrichment she fled to the city, she collected an army in Syria, from the dependencies of Arabia and Palestine, and fought for her rights by force of arms.

Julius Caesar had just overthrown Pompey and was pursuing him to Alexandria. Captivated by Cleopatra's charms, he abandoned his army and secured to her her share of the throne. To gain Caesar's notice, this brilliant, beautiful, self-willed creature, who could speak seven languages, laid a trap, smuggled into the great warrior's presence in a roll of carpet carried by her slaves. When the carpet was unrolled, the great Caesar was captivated by her charms.

Becomes Wife of Roy Brother. Her brother Ptolemy, being killed in a battle on the Nile, Cleopatra was given to her youngest brother, then 11 years old, as a husband, by Caesar. Caesar continued some time at Cleopatra's court, and had a son by her. After Caesar's departure she governed unopposed. With her son by Caesar, she went to Rome and lived in a palace near the Tiber as Caesar's wife, to the great disgust of the blue-blooded profligates of Rome, disgust not due to the fact that they were purer, because Cleopatra was a foreigner. When her boy husband demanded at 14, his share in the government she poisoned him.

Cesar's assassination, B. C. 44, compelled Cleopatra to return to Egypt. Subsequently during the civil trouble at Rome she took Antony's part, on whom she had already made an impression in her earlier years, when he was campaigning in Egypt. When Antony was in Cilicia she sailed up to the Cydnus in a gorgeously decked galley, arrayed in all that oriental splendor depicted by Shakespeare. She was now 24, in the fullness of her Greek beauty. Antony became at once her slave and followed her to Alexandria, where the winter of B. C. 40-41 was spent in the most voluptuous and most wanton luxury, the couple claiming to be the gods Isis and Isis.

She followed Antony in his march against the Parthians, and when he parted from her on the Euphrates he bestowed Cyrene, Cyprus, Coele Syria, Phoenicia, Cilicia and Crete on her, to which at her request he added part of Judea and Arabia, which brought on the war between Augustus and Antony. After divorcing himself from Octavia, Antony's wife, he married Cleopatra. At a naval battle at Actium, Cleopatra, Rome, had brought Antony a reinforcement of 60 vessels, suddenly took flight and Antony followed her to Egypt and declared to Augustus that if Egypt were left to Cleopatra's children, she would live in retirement, but the charms which had succeeded so easily with Julius and Antony failed to move the younger Caesar, and though he granted her an interview, he marched upon Alexandria, which Antony defended.

Antony, fearing Augustus' private messages of pacification to be treacherous, sought to avenge himself by her death. Escaping to the mausoleum which she had erected near the temple of Isis, she caused the report of her suicide to spread, whereupon Antony threw himself upon his sword, and upon learning that Cleopatra was still living, he was at his request carried into her presence and died in her arms.

Death Rather Than Slavery. Augustus succeeded in getting Cleopatra in his power, who still hoped to subdue him by her charms, but her art availed not and realizing that her life was spared only to her in her royal robes and crown and then placed an asp, which had been smuggled to her, concealed among flowers, on her arm.

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Grace Darling's Talks to Girls

No. 7—The Art of Conversation.

By Grace Darling.

Who Has Won National Recognition as a Moving Picture Star.

W H girls need more words. No, that isn't a joke, nor is it funny. It's a sad fact.

We talk a plenty, but we use the same words over and over again until the poor things are all worn out, and frayed around the edges, and back-broken, and generally played out.

And half the time the word we are using was no more intended to express what we are trying to say than a crochet needle was designed to dig the Panama canal with. That's the real reason we take refuge in slang. The only words we know are so pitifully inadequate to express what we are trying to convey that we seize upon the first handy crutch that we can lay our tongue to.

You never realize how poverty stricken we are in the matter of a vocabulary until you listen to the chatter of a lot of girls and observe how they overwork some one or two words.

For instance, I know a girl who would be stricken absolutely dumb if she were suddenly deprived of the word "cute." In one breath she will tell you that a doll, or a baby is cute. In the next she will say that Niagara Falls are cute.

Last summer I was riding with her in the back, and she asked me if I didn't think that the Ojibwa was cute, and that it was cute of the Egyptian government to have presented it to us, and the cutest thing that ever was for the park commissioners to have placed it just where they did.

Here's Another Word. Another girl I know pins her conversational faith to the word "fierce." She will tell you that the fighting in the trenches in France is fierce, and that the ice-cream at dinner was fierce, and the price of chocolate creams has become something fierce, or that her new pink evening dress is the fiercest thing she ever saw.

Still another girl I know finds the word "swell" a life line to which she clings desperately in every emergency. She will tell you that they had the swellest pie for dinner, that her favorite actor is perfectly swell, or that she has just been to the swellest play, or that the papers have an account of the swellest case of starvation she ever heard of, or that she is reading the swellest book.

Now these girls are not stupid. They are not ignorant. They are not lacking in discernment. They are merely lacking in words. They have not enough vocabulary with which to express the things they feel and perceive.

It is this same lack of vocabulary that makes people so often say the wrong thing to us, and offend us when they mean to please. For example, did you ever watch the crowd on an artist's face when some well-meaning but wordless person told him that his picture, in which he had tried to paint the agony of a soul in torment, was "so pretty?"

The Value of Words. And a woman novelist, who has written a story that is a great tragic epic, told me that she feels like committing murder every time anybody tells her that her book is "sweet."

The real secret of flattery is to find out the particular adjective that people like to have applied to them, and then use it where it will do the most good.

But we can't do this unless we have a large and flexible vocabulary, and so I urge you girls to make a resolution now to add a new word each day to your store of words, and the best way to do this is to follow the advice

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